If I looſe thee, my loſſe is my loves gaine,
And looſing her, my friend hath found that loſſe;
Both finde each other, and I looſe both twaine,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſſe,
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweet flattery, then ſhee loves but me alone.

Fooliſh diſdaine.

VEnus with *Adonis* ſitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle ſhade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god *Mars* did try her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him,
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god embrac't me,
And then ſhe clipt *Adonis* in her armes:
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god unlac't me,
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charmes:
Even thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kiſſe and clip me till I run away.

Ancient Antipothy.

CRabbed age and youth cannot live together,
Youth is full of pleaſance, Age is full of care,

Youth

Youth like ſummer morne, Age like winter
Youth like ſummer brave, Age like winter
Youth is full of ſport, Ages breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame,
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and co
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore t
O my love my love is young:
Age I doe defie thee, Oh ſweet Shepheard
For me thinks thou ſtaies too long.

Beauties valuation.

BEautie is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A ſhining gloſſe, that vadeth ſuddainly,
A flower that dies, when firſt it gins to bud,
A brittle glaſſe, that's broken preſently.
A doubtfull good, a gloſſe, a glaſſe, a flowe
Loſt, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.
And as goods loſt, are ſeld or never found,
As vaded gloſſe no rubbing will refreſh,
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glaſſe no ſymant can redreſſe.
So beautie blemiſht once, for ever loſt,
In ſpite of phiſicke, painting, paine and coſt.

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